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Jackie's Own Incredible Story

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UNBELIEVABLE! EVEN FOR US!

Jackie Tells How She Was Carried off in Spaceship!

By KRISTINA BELL-WEATHER
Society Editor

The inimitable Jackie Onassis tells the most incredible story around town these days. She claims she was abducted by men from outer space.

She says she was driving home from work one night (she has a cushy job with a publisher) when they swooped down in their flying saucer, grabbed her and flew away.

"If I wasn't able to appeal to their basic instincts as gentlemen, or gender-neutrals, I might still be living on Mars or wherever it was they took me," Mrs. Onassis told a friend.

It is rumored the once-wedded former first lady gained her release by throwing a crying fit.

"Space creatures can't stand to see a green human cry," she explained.

She holds the sophisticated crossers at chic Washington, D.C., and Manhattan cocktail parties spellbound with the terrifying details of her ordeal.

It ALL began a few minutes after work on a Friday she describes as a "really tough day." Jackie works as, in publishers' slang, a "smiler," which means she checks manuscripts authors send in to be made into books. If she smiles, her boss makes the thing into a book; if she frowns, he throws it out with the trash. She had appeared no less than three books that day, and her jaws ached.

"All I could think about was punching out and driving home for a couple of beers and an evening watching 'The Waltons' on TV," she was quoted as saying.

"Then, halfway home to my chic, fabulously expensive home, a car started following me. I got my foot to the floor on the gas, weaved in and out of traffic and even cut off a few trucks, but I couldn't shake the pursuer.

"I thought it might have been Arab, terrorist kidnappers, niggers or CIA agents. They couldn't have been beat collectors after the car, 'cause I paid it off last month. So I knew they were after me.

"FRANKLY, I was a little bit scared," she admitted.

She apparently was unaware the car was a 1964 Thunderbird, which outer space creatures often disguise their flying saucers to look like. In fact, she

probably would have been unable to recognize it as a 1964 Thunderbird. Few women could.

As she turned off the freeway toward her chic, sophisticated neighborhood, the strange vehicle pulled alongside, forcing her to stop.

"The guy in the right seat rolled down his window and said, 'Get outta the car.' Jackie was quoted as saying, "I did as I was told."

Contrary to popular rumors, Jackie does not carry a Browning automatic rifle underneath the seat of her Rambler. Consequently, she couldn't pull it out and blow the intruders to smithereens, although she guesses would have liked to. They sound like perfectly awful fellows.

THEY WERE so awful, in fact, they ordered her to get into their disguised flying saucer and rendered her unconscious with a "loud smelly chemical."

"She says she felt the 'car' take off before the drug or whatever it was made her fully asleep," a close associate told NEWS EXTRA.

"It was then she recognized the abduction odd accent, which she had noticed before; they were Martians."

Actually, they were not, as Martians are known to prefer disguising their flying saucers as Volkswagen Microbuses because of their "extra, added headroom." But that's irrelevant. The kidnappers, wherever they were, took Mrs. Onassis to a faraway place.

"THEY MUST have had a time machine or something, because it seemed we were gone for weeks when, in earth time, it was just a matter of hours," Jackie told her close associate. "Along the way, the abductors played this perfectly dreadful country-and-western music on the car's cassette player."

"Over and over and over again they played 'My Windshield Wipers Flap a Lovesome About You' by Scott Cordery and the Coveralls. Yuck. I almost pined."

"Finally, the car came to earth, or wherever, in a place that was so ugly it looked like Chilesno, Ohio."

She said the kidnappers departed, leaving her alone to face a large, noisy crowd of curious-looking humanoid creatures gathered around the strange vehicle and its lanky occupant.

"THEY WERE real tall and they had to bend way over to look inside the car at me," she said. "They pressed their noses, that is, trunks, up against the windows until the glass was covered up with their stobber."

"Finally, one of the monsters produced a key and let himself into the car. He flipped the baton on the right door as a second monster could enter."

"As we drove away, the monster on the left complained to the monster on the right about these 'damned uncomfortable

earth disguises.' Then they pushed another hideously music cassette into the tape player, 'My Horrid Toad is Herry, and So Am I (Now That You're Gone), and I was so disgusted I climbed into an adjacent hole."

Her ordeal was far from over. The odd trio proceeded through the desolate, Chilesno-like countryside and the car reached a large, tacky structure protected from the public by barbed wire fences, a moat and rows of vicious, hungry opossums, all of whom were named Alfred.

"THE TWO monsters brought me down a long, twisting corridor inside the tacky building," Jackie recalled. "Finally we came to an office occupied by a third monster who was sitting behind a big desk pecking his trunk. He must have been the secretary of state."

"The office was just DREADFULLY tacky, with snarvel plates on the desk and a huge fold-out pinup of a naked monster stuck to the wall. It, the monster in the pinup picture, was feeding its trunk."

"The monster behind the desk was watching a videotape of Nixon's resignation speech, only the sound was shut off and country and western music was coming from the loudspeakers. So it looked like Tricky was singing 'If Life Was a Used Car Lot, You'd Be the Only Ride!'"

"When it stopped pecking its trunk long enough to look at me, I asked the monster, 'What do you want with me?'"

THE MONSTER looked dumb.

"Why we're gonna put you in a zoo, of course. The citizens of our fine land have always wanted to see an earthman."

"Until that moment, the brave Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis had maintained the courage and strength for which she has become widely known and loved here on earth. As she'd done before when cruel fate had splattered tragedy on her life, she kept a stiff upper lip."

But when faced with becoming the prize exhibit in a zoo of millions of miles away from home, she broke down and cried. She wept loud and long with a bitter sadness we here at NEWS EXTRA can well understand.

"Gosh, Mable, Mable, I don't wanna be in a zoo," she sobbed.

"Hoe hoe hoe"

The monsters. It was reported, looked at one another in bewilderment. "But you'll get the best of care. You'll be fed and watered every day, and once a week a guy will come in and hose down your cage."

BUT JACKIE'S grief could not be dispelled. "What? I wanna go home. I don't like it here; your country is ugly, your music is ugly, your office is ugly, and you're ugly," she sobbed.

The monster behind the desk tried to comfort the stricken woman. She shrugged his tentative offer of his shoulder, muttered "Leave me alone," and resumed sobbing.

"Oh, damnit, I give up," the monster said, shooting a gaze at his cohorts that, if looks could kill, would have struck them dead. "Why'd you dumbos have to bring me a brood? Get this noisy dame outta here. Next time bring me a male earth creature."

With that, Jackie's weeping subsided. And it is rumored she broke into an ear-to-ear grin as the creature bundled her off to their Thunderbird and whisked her back to America.

"It's a funny thing," she told a friend, "but it seemed as though it took weeks coming back here, and yet when I got back to my car it didn't even have an overtime parking ticket on it. And I drove home in time to see the last few minutes of the Johnny Carson show."

"I'll tell you one thing, in all my rich, full, exciting life, I've never had an experience like that one. Not even with Ari. I won't forget it for a long time."



Jackie has to difficulty mallowing her ice cream, but we have trouble mallowing her story.

Blonde Beauty Crowned Queen Of Deaf-Mutes

Christine Adler is the winner of a special beauty contest.

The 23-year-old blue-eyed blonde from Rockford, Ill., could be a winner in any beauty contest, except for one thing. Chris is deaf and mute. She won first place in the 23rd Annual Deaf-Mute Beauty Contest sponsored by Nelson Publishing Co.

Nelson publishes only books relating to the problems of deaf-mutes.

The contest featured the usual evening dress competition, swimsuit competition and a talent show.

Chris, who weighs 110 pounds and is 5-6, did an interpretive reading of Dylan Thomas' "Poem in October" in International Sign Language.

First runner-up was Ellen Minor of Buffalo, N.Y. The 115-pound 5-7 beauty performed on the trampoline. Ellen has red hair and green eyes.

Other runners-up were Doris Smith of Baton Rouge, La., Ang Cartwright of Memphis, Tenn., Connie Wakefield of Hammond, Ind. and Neil Jones of Antioch, Wis.

Chris graduated from Deep South University two years ago and is now teaching at a school for deaf-mute children.

She plans to use the \$5,000 cash prize to start a scholarship fund for deaf-mutes.

Last year's queen, Jennifer DeKess, presented Chris with the crown and congratulations.

Coincidentally, the girls have been friends since childhood. They met at a day camp 10 years ago and have since worked on many projects for handicapped children.



Ellen Minor grabbed the first runner-up spot.



No. 1 of the deaf-mutes, Chris Adler could win any beauty contest.

...And Here Are the Stunning Runners-Up



Doris Smith



Ang Cartwright



Connie Wakefield



Neil Jones



Douglas Fairbanks Jr.



Sean O'Connell (Early Photograph)



Errol Flynn



Rudolph Valentino

Old-Time Film Star Gobbled Alive by Man-Eating Plant!

By BARNEY MCGRUDER

Retired motion picture star Sean O'Connell spent 38 years breeding and cross-breeding exotic plants until he developed a giant Venus Fly Trap — and it ate the old man.

The partially digested body of O'Connell, 81, was found in the monster plant by his private nurse-secretary, Gloria Robin, 26.

Authorities summoned to O'Connell's fantastic home in the desert near Arroyo's Superstition Mountains said the one-time actor's death accidental and ordered the monstrous plant destroyed.

Miss Robin told NEWS EXTRA that O'Connell was one of the top stars of the silent screen, appearing in such masterpieces as "The Chastity Pole," "I've Come for the Rent," "Wait a Minute" and "Secret Seduction."

When talking pictures became the rage, O'Connell turned cowboy actor and played hundreds of character parts before his retirement.

MOTION PICTURE built place O'Connell alongside Rudolph Valentino, Errol Flynn and Douglas Fairbanks Jr. — and Mr. — and maintain his name would still be a household word had it not been for a scandalous affair with a German countess.

"He fell madly in love with Countess Rita von Chastel, and I'm told, that was his downfall," Miss Robin said.

Miss Robin, who had been employed by O'Connell for four years, said she was compiling a biography of the aging actor when he was killed.

"It seems that the countess was a heroin addict, and in order to meet her approval, Sean began using the stuff. He became addicted and his career was wrecked."

"Only after the countess was strangled to death while hunting elephants in Kenya did he kick the habit. But that was too late," Miss Robin said.

SHE SAID O'Connell finally gave up heroin, retired to the desert and took up experimental horticulture. "He was fascinated by flesh-eating plants. He began experimenting in an effort to get them to grow larger and larger," she said.

Miss Robin said O'Connell spent most of his time — sometimes days at a time — in his greenhouse lab. He slept on a couch and had a small kitchenette in the big room. No one was allowed past the door.

"He would let me come just inside the door to bring him messages or discuss something really important. But I couldn't stay long and I really didn't want to. The plants were horrible, giant things," she said.

The Venus Fly Trap that turned on O'Connell, she said, was about six feet tall.

"WE FED it raw beef — big chunks of bloody, raw beef," she said. "It would throw a five-pound chunk



Authorities ordered this monstrous Venus Fly Trap destroyed after it devoured its owner, retired movie actor Sean O'Connell.



into the plant, those barred leafy would close and when they opened again the meat was gone."

Miss Robin said O'Connell had very few visitors at his home and rarely communicated with the outside world. There was no radio, television or telephone in the house and he did not subscribe to a newspaper.

Miss Robin did all of the grocery shopping and made all necessary trips to town.

"I became bored and asked Sean if I could take off a week to visit my mother in Phoenix. He said it would be okay — and that he understood that a young girl shouldn't live like a prisoner in the desert," she said.

The nurse-secretary said she left the O'Connell retreat on Sunday and returned the following Saturday.

"EVERYTHING seemed to be perfectly normal," she said. "In fact, too normal. Everything was in its place, neat as a pin. Sean was a horrible mess — he would scatter things all over the house. If I didn't follow him around and pick them up, the place would look like a junk yard in half a day. I assumed he had been living in the greenhouse."

Miss Robin said she had been home an hour or so when she decided to go to the greenhouse and tell her employer she had returned.

"I knocked on the door. He always insisted on that. But there was no answer, so I peered in."

"At first I didn't notice anything unusual, then I saw it!"

"His feet and part of his leg was sticking out of that terrible plant."

Authorities summoned by the terrified woman used grappling hooks to pull the remains of O'Connell's body from the jaws of the bloodthirsty plant.

"THE PLANT would actually snap at the hooks and ropes. Then it would close on Sean's body again and the room would have to pry it's horrible jaws open with two-by-fours."

"I took two horrible hours to get everything out of the plant," she said.

Investigators theorized that O'Connell was feeding the plant at the time of the mishap.

"They said he was probably throwing those chunks of meat into the Fly Trap when he slipped on the blood that always dropped on the floor."

"Unfortunately, he fell forward — right into that devil."

"It was a perfectly horrible way to die. He was too weak to force his way back out of the plant — that would have taken a very strong man."

"The plant began digesting Sean while he was still alive. He was literally digested to death," Miss Robin said.

Bortolichetti, contacted by NEWS EXTRA, said it probably took two days for O'Connell to die in the accidental embrace of the monster he created.



Dr. Van Straten

Monkeys Are Mentally Retarded Spacemen!

Inhabitants of at least one planet—who look just like apes—have used Earth for centuries as a dumping ground for their mental and physical defects, a persistent scientist claims.

"Our world may in fact be the official sanatorium and lunatic asylum for this portion of the universe," said Dr. H. Maurice Van Straten, an astronomer and radio telescope expert at Montevideo Institute of Technology in Uruguay.

Dr. Van Straten has related striking similarities between the squeals of South American woolly monkeys and the radio wave transmissions allegedly received from outer space by Russian scientists.

"I have a copy of one of the broadcast tapes received by the big radio telescope outside Dushanbe in the Soviet Union."

"The voices sound remarkably like those of the woolly monkeys, a type common in the jungles of Brazil," Van Straten, 47, told NEWS EXTRA's Rio de Janeiro correspondent.

"I consulted a voice expert, Dr. Victoria Martins-O'Connor, and she concurred. The only difference is that the earth monkeys, of course, speak gibberish, while the sounds the Russians picked up appear to form words."

"DR. MARTINEZ-O'CONNOR compared the difference to human languages as spoken by the severely mentally handicapped."

The Dushanbe telescope, actually a complex high frequency antenna covering three square miles of frozen ground for north of the Arctic Circle, had been electronically aimed at a star millions of miles away in the Milky Way galaxy, he explained.

"They figured the star might have a planet or two and hoped they could detect a sign of life." Sure enough, they eventually heard a fast, busy series of squeaks, squeals and chirps. Some sort of radio transmission," Van Straten said. He refused to explain how he obtained a tape recording.

"I knew I'd heard the sounds before. Then I remembered. It was at the zoo, in the primate house."

Van Straten's own mountaineering radio telescope couldn't match the performance of the Russian installation, so he limited his study to the mysterious tapes. He compared them

with zoo recordings of woolly monkeys and once connected them to a police voiceprint machine for a visual check.

"COPS USE these machines to identify crooks as each person produces a voice print as unique as his fingerprints," he said. "Biologists, however, have also discovered that different species can thereby be identified."

"There now could be no doubt. The voices from space matched those of South American woolly monkeys."

Dr. Martins-O'Connor cleared up my only doubt and the explanation stood out like a sore thumb—woolly monkeys are descendants of retarded specimens abandoned on Earth by their fellows."

Van Straten eventually developed the following theory: "The space beings are a kind race, awfully ill fed or undernourished. Their society's motto: that they didn't want the rejects hanging around at home, either."

"South America must have seemed a perfect place. Up until a couple hundred years ago, nobody lived here but a bunch of savage Indians."

"THEY SHIPPED the retarded here and let them go. And anyone saw them, so what? Who's going to believe a bunch of hoodlums?"

"If you think about it, you'll realize that monkeys act just like human morons. They run around naked, they defecate and fornicate in public and they're always scratching themselves and making a lot of noise. Retarded space beings without a doubt behave just as badly."

Other facts point to this conclusion.

"For example, UFO witnesses usually describe them as small, and sometimes, hairy and equipped with tails."

"Native legends tell of 'visitors from the skies,' being totally unfamiliar to them."

"And scientists have long wondered why New World monkeys differed so from those found in the Eastern Hemisphere. They can grab things with their tails, for instance, and are generally more stupid than Old World monkeys."

AN AMERICAN archeologist, James Parkinson, lent credence to Van Straten's visitors-from-space theory with his discovery in the Chilean Andes of a pair of well-preserved mummies and what appeared to be a "space or diving suit."

The male mummies have "ape-like facial features, overdeveloped teeth and hairy bodies," it was reported. The extreme distance of the discovery site from any body of water precludes the possibility the strange suit was used for deep-sea diving.

"Also, ever hear of Erich Von Daniken? He's a researcher who found so much evidence of ancient UFOs he was able to write a whole book (Chariots of the Gods) which was made into a movie and makes tons of money."

"So what I'm theorizing isn't so out of line," Van Straten noted quizzically.

While Van Straten's direct evidence links only woolly monkeys with outer space, he believes other breeds may also be descendants of alien societies' castouts.

"THE SPIDER movie, for example, which traditional scientists believe is closely related to the woolies. It could have come from a nearby planet or maybe another race in the woolly monkey's homeland."

"My latest idea is that the whole primate class of animals on planet Earth—and that includes everything from chimps to gorillas and even humans—was made up of the castoffs of other planets."

"Of course, I don't have any hard evidence to support this theory yet," he admitted.

Van Straten, usually a jovial type, famous for the practical jokes he played in the World War II German Army before his immigration to Uruguay, turned suddenly serious.

"But everybody knows that the Earth has seen more and more UFOs in recent years," he added grimly. "They're watching us."

"I worry that they may know what scientists here on Earth do to monkeys in laboratories, all the tortures and dissections done in the 'interest of science.' They might get mad at us."

Dr. Martins-O'Connor told me she thought the squeals and squeals she heard on the Russian tapes sounded "spies."

Russ Build Super-Woman From Critically Injured Secretary!

Runs at 100 MPH, Jumps Buildings & Lifts a 20-Ton RR Car With Ease!

The Russians have built an atomic-powered super-woman who is almost indestructible, NEWS EXTRA was told by reliable sources in Moscow.

Communist party bosses behind the Iron Curtain are reportedly boasting that their armies will be invincible as soon as they have built a few hundred of these powerful women.

Russia's super-woman is a Moscow secretary who was critically injured in an auto accident. Scientists at the Lenin Technical Institute saved her life.

The Russian scientists rebuilt virtually the entire body of the injured woman.

They installed a nuclear power plant in her lower chest.

She is very much like the atomic-powered man in the popular American TV show "The \$6-Million Man," sources said.

AMERICAN intelligence officials are known to be aware of the revolutionary development and deeply concerned that it will tip the balance of world power in favor of the Communists.

"It is an incredible development," admitted a senior CIA official. "Remember what was said about Superman in the comic pages and on radio and TV. He was faster powerful than a locomotive, faster than a speeding bullet and able to leap tall buildings in a single bound." Well, the Russian super-woman is like that."

According to inside sources in the Russian scientific community, the CIA man was not exaggerating.

The Russians are reported to have conducted tests with their super-woman in which she ran at speeds in excess of 100 miles per hour, jumped over a four-story

building and lifted a 20-ton railroad car.

Equally as important, she is virtually impossible to kill with a pistol or a rifle.

"A SLUG would have to strike the most critical point in her atomic power source to stop her," one Moscow source said.

The Russians consider their experiments a big success and are going ahead with plans to build hundreds more.

"A fighting unit of these super-women could not be stopped," NEWS EXTRA's CIA source said.

The Russian super-woman is pretty 24-year-old Olga Khattinghlo.

Before being turned into super-woman, Miss Khattinghlo was a secretary in a Moscow department store.

Russian scientists had been preparing to build their super-woman for about five years.

THEY ALERTED Moscow hospitals to notify them when a woman who met their specifications was brought in.

A critically injured woman was necessary because the process was risky and so unjured women would volunteer.

Miss Khattinghlo was the fourth woman that scientists attempted to turn into super-woman.

The first three died in the attempt.

Sources said the atomic power plant installed in Miss Khattinghlo's chest drives her arms and legs.

And since she is atomic powered, she has no need to eat nor drink.



Washing Up For A Soaper

Miss Applewhite may soon become a star, looked at, looked up to and well-shipped by TV fans who see the upcoming special on *How to Succeed in Bath and Keep It Clean*. Chuzzlely doubled up, she sits half-submerged in a classic Greek bowl complete with a scrobious steel doberber faucet, wondering whether the photographer will pounce upon her or pay attention to business. There's real soap in that shiny metal, and that's hatter in the background.

Fat Slob of Circus Loses 500 Pounds; Now Sex Symbol!

By SAM MAGIERA

A doctor's warning that she would die if she didn't lose a lot of weight first turned a circus fat lady into a sex symbol, penitently over night. Only last year, a portly Harriette McGuff was star attraction in the Circus Brothers Circus freak show. At 416 pounds, she was billed as "Lardy Lou," the fattest girl in the world.

"I enjoyed my work, even though I probably wasn't really and truly the fattest lady on the Earth," Miss McGuff told NEWS EXTRA.

"All I did all day, everyday, was sit on stage and eat chocolate. Hundreds of people used to watch me as I ate. They made ugly remarks, but I didn't mind."

"Some were very crude, but I was paid pretty good money — more than \$300 a week — and the Bugsy

brothers did buy high-grade candy.

"Besides, you couldn't beat the work, sitting around and doing nothing."

Miss McGuff became "Lardy Lou" about four years ago, at age 18, right out of high school, she said.

"As a kid, I was always overweight. In the fourth grade, the teacher had to order me a high school desk, because I broke fear of the regular ones in less than a week. Then, in high school, I had to bring along a specially reinforced chair of my own. I weighed close to 300 pounds when I was a freshman. I was striped 300 by the time I graduated."

Talent scouts for the Bugsy brothers were on the prowl for a fat lady when they heard of Miss McGuff and her girth.

A circus representative visited her at her home in Sandusky, Ohio, and quickly signed her to a contract.

OSTRACIZED BY her schoolmates because of her size, "Lardy Lou" soon gathered a close circle of friends along the midway. "Chico, the Spanish Flyman; Sandra, the Sweet Swallow; Gypsy Louise, the Snake Lady — they all took me in as one of their own," she said. "For the first time in my life, I was liked in spite of what I was."

"We played cards all the time. They taught me bridge and didn't complain when I brought their ace or had with only three paces in my hand."

"For the first time, I was being treated like a human being, not a freak."

But then the worst happened. After a hard day eating chocolates and putting up with particularly nasty remarks from the paying public, "Lardy Lou" collapsed in a heap upon her reinforced stage.

"THE DOCTOR said it was my heart," she said. "He told me I wouldn't live out the year if I didn't shed some weight! My blood pressure was so high, it almost went off the gauges."

But "Lardy Lou" didn't listen. She returned to work — and eating chocolates. Two weeks later, she collapsed again.

"This time, though, I was scared. I decided I'd have to pay a doctor and quit my job, lose the only friends I'd ever known."

"I stayed in the hospital for three weeks before I was ready to go back to Sandusky and home," she said. "The doctor wanted me to go on the SlimFast water diet, but added a twist of his own. Instead of eating food, he made me drink nothing but grape juice."

"RESPONSE: I knew it, the pounds started dropping off," Miss McGuff told NEWS EXTRA. "The more weight I lost, the better I felt."



Heavy through her campaign to lose 500 pounds of lust, circus-fat lady Harriette McGuff stepped on the scale and was overly pleased with the results. She didn't break the scale!

"And then — lo and behold — I started realizing what a beautiful human being I am — and I started wanting to know that beautiful being in a beautiful body."

After six months, she had lost 450 pounds, weighing a svelte 166. She exercised constantly to get rid of her stretchy flab.

"It was about that time that my mother took a good look at me and said, 'You know, Harriette, you really could be a good-looking girl if you really tried.'"

"I looked in the mirror, and she was right. I had the potential to be beautiful," Miss McGuff told NEWS EXTRA. "That only was me extra impetus to get into shape."

By last December, she had reached her goal — 136 pounds.

"I COULDN'T believe it," she said. "One day, I went to the store for some bread, and a guy whistled at me. Then, in the market, a man pinched my behind. I was so rattled and flustered, I didn't even think to slap his face."

"Then the phone started ringing day and night. It was guys who used to love rubber bands and crumbs at me in high school lockers calling to ask for dates."

Miss McGuff was hesitant about accepting at first, not yet having the confidence she needed to be alone with a man.

But after the 30th or 30th call, she said yes, agreeing to go to see "Godfather II" with Harold Shaw, a neighbor.

"I was scared to death at first," Miss McGuff said. "I just didn't know how to act. Even though I'm 33, I'm still a virgin. In fact, until that night, I'd never been kissed — except by Chico. Even then, it was only on the cheek."

"BUT HAROLD kept flattery

me, saying how pretty I was, I still couldn't accept it and nearly knocked him from his chair for feeding me a line."

"Then, I realized he was sincere. My dream finally had come true! I was a real, normal person for the first time in my life."

A planner's helper who is taking a night school law course, Shaw has gone out with Miss McGuff every night after class since.

"He just won't give other boys a chance with me. But what he says," Miss McGuff told NEWS EXTRA.

"He wants me to enter a beauty contest, and I think I will."

"Boy, won't the judges be surprised when they find out I once worked as a circus fat lady!"



Four-hundred pounds later, Harriette weighs the cookies of any guy watcher. She now weighs in at a svelte 136 pounds.

Boxing Kangaroo Dares Ali To Fight for World Crown!

By GEORGE SANDANAKI

The owner-trainer of a boxing kangaroo has challenged world heavyweight king Muhammad Ali to step in the ring with his animal and fight for the world crown.

"Ali doesn't stand a chance," claims Arthur Greeley, who manages the career of Mita, an animal he's raised as a pet. "She'll beat the stuffin' outta him, she will."

Now preparing for a title fight against challenger Chuck Wepner, Ali has listened to Greeley's offer, but still hasn't made up his mind. But persons close to the champ believe he ought schedule Mita for his next opponent.

Greeley found the animal four years ago while hunting in Australia.

"SHE WAS just a small tike then, no more than four or five months old," he said. "Surefoot, she'd wandered off from her mother and got lost."

I went up to her to make friends. I approached carefully, but not carefully enough. I tried to pet her, and she took a swing at me. It was only a glancing blow, but powerful enough to set me on my rear.

It took me a few seconds to recover. But when I did, I rushed to catch her. I knew there was a lot of money to be made with a kangaroo that could pack that kind of wallop."

Greeley initially kept Mita in a cage outside his home. Soon, though, he found the creature really was tame. She became a house pet.

A former middleweight fighter himself, Greeley began showing Mita pointers about boxing as she grew toward maturity.

After being knocked cold on three occasions, he knew the animal was ready to set foot in the ring against other human competitors.

GREELEY contracted with a small circus in Melbourne. The management began promoting her as the best boxing kangaroo in the world. It offered \$50 to any man who could last three rounds with the animal.

But Mita is more than the best fighting kangaroo, she's the best fighter—period!" Greeley told NEWS EXTRA.

That first week on the line, three men beat her. But after



Mita relaxes after another romp in the ring.

that—for the next 16 months—nobody could. In fact, most of the challenges were on the canvas before Round Two."

Mita has drawn quite a large following in her native land, Greeley said. "Now, we've left the circus. We show up regularly in places like Sydney and Perth to put on demon shows."

"We've put Mita up against some of the best professional boxers in Australia. She's beaten 'em all."

ONE of the pros the kangaroo defeated was "Roxsena" Mike McTavish, long a contender for the world mid-dleweight crown.

"She packs quite a punch," McTavish told NEWS EXTRA. "When I stepped in the ring with her, I thought it'd be easy pickings, but I was wrong, really wrong."

"When the bell rang to start Round One, I rushed out to the center of the ring. All of a sudden, fists began flying at me

from all directions. It was all I could do to protect myself, let alone start landing blows of my own."

McTavish lasted nine rounds of the scheduled 10-round event. The kangaroo opened a cut above his right eye in the seventh. By the ninth, the eye had swollen completely shut, and the referee had to stop the fight.

"I'VE NEVER seen anything like that kangaroo," said Cecil Bradshaw, McTavish's trainer. "I've been boxing for 46 years, and I haven't seen anyone hit harder than that weezy Joe Lewis."

"I let my man go up against Mita because I thought the kangaroos didn't have a chance. But it will be a cold day in hell before I do foul thing like that again."

"If you want my opinion, Ali would have to be crazy to accept a match with that animal. She's tough, a lot tougher than he'll ever be."

"Ali won a lot of his fights with his mouth. But against Mita, that tactic wouldn't work. She just wouldn't listen."

"It would just be his fighting shell against hers," Bradshaw told NEWS EXTRA. "He may be a good puncher and dancer, but he's never seen anything like that animal when she gets going."

MIKE CAN take a good punch, too, Greeley said. "She's only been in trouble once. A cowboy from the Outback landed a lucky shot and knocked her on her tail. But she bounced right up and started swinging."

"That day never knew what hit her. One second he was listening to the ref count her out, the next, he was flat on his back, counting stars."

Although Ali still hasn't come in terms, Greeley is sure a contract will be signed soon. He's currently searching for a proper site for the fight, hopefully in Australia before Mita's home fans.

"This thing will be bigger than the Foreman fight," he said. "I'm sure we can sell 40,000 or 50,000 tickets, as well as televise it all over the world."

"There are lots of people out there willing to see Muhammad Ali get beaten by a kangaroo. I just know it."

"And one thing's for sure: The mouse is again a contract to fight, he'll be a better man. My Mita will be the next champion fighter of the world."



Arthur Greeley



No one walks out of the ring after a bout with Mita.



Muhammad Ali

NEWS EXTRA
December 7, 1975

Tattoos Staging A Big Comeback!

Some of America's greatest art masterpieces are on permanent display on human hides, thanks to a rebirth in the art of tattooing.

"Flashy clothes are expensive, but a person can have himself decorated at a one-time cost of a couple hundred bucks and never have to buy another outfit," says Foley Flashback, grand maestro in what he calls "today's tattoo renaissance."

Besides the high cost of clothes, Flashback, 36, credits a human desire to "be pretty" for the increase in his business.

"Also, people want to be like the stars," he added. "Cher Benn, of Sonny and Cher fame, has a rose on her backside. And Rocky Nelson has a tattoo—that's why he always wears long-sleeved shirts on the 'Ozma and Harriet Show'."

TATTOOED people even have their own club. The Tattoo Club of America, Inc., headquartered in Mt. Vernon, N.Y. Its president and founder, tattoo artist Spider Webb, claims 17 years' experience in the business and fine arts degrees from the School of Visual Arts in New York City and the Institute of Artistic in Mexico.

Members from all over the world flock to the tattoo club meetings, where they guzzle soda pop and show one another their artistic bodies.

Spider Webb is apparently a wealthy man and often delivers lectures about his craft at 100 bucks a throw. Flashback operates a huge, busy studio in what was once the largest Ford Dealership in Los Angeles, Ind. Other artists are said to enjoy similar success. But the craft has also known hard times.

DURING THE 1930s, when tattooing was looked on as slightly perverted, Flashback supplemented his meager earnings by decorating birthday cakes. He kept in tattooing practice by copying "Terry and the Pirates" comic strips on every square inch of his skin within reach.

Today, most of his customers are adults. "I asked people all look pretty much alike unless they're covered with tattoos," he explained.

"You meet all kinds in this business," he added. "A guy kissed me once, right in Terry's fighter jet, because I received a phone call while tattooing him and took a message for my wife on his shoulder."

"And last Halloween, a guy claiming to be Secretary of State Henry Kissinger asked me to tattoo his body burgundy with a big orange 'Superman' crest on his chest."

"I had to turn him down," Flashback admitted. "I directed him to a costume rental place. After all, he might want to go to 'Batruan' next year."



A work of art takes shape on this young man's back.



Next Time, Have It Dry Cleaned, Dummy

Beautiful actress Brenda Marchione was furious when she sent her favorite gown to the laundry and the laundry shook the garment until the hem was above her waist. Miss Marchione, under contract to RKO Studios, has threatened to file a lawsuit.



"I keep it with me in case my mother-in-law needs the use of it."



**She Makes The
Players Hump**

Lowly Davis Puro, 23, regarded as the finest volleyball referee in the world. She is a no-nonsense girl who will throw a player out of a hot volleyball game in an instant if the player questions her call.



She Manages Brave Smile After Mortifying Tribulation

Diana Diddley, 21, is using the famous celebrity designer, Givenchy de Givenchy, because the \$5,000 floor-length gown she bought there with funds given to her by her sugar daddy shrank the first time she washed it. You see what's left of the once-flowing garment as Diana models it in the photograph. Diana is making \$1.5 million in damages, claiming she suffered "extreme distress" when the garment, fresh from the dryer, shrank as she wore it to the premiere of a religious film held in a Roman Catholic cathedral. She was rejected from the premises by angered priests and nuns who accused her of "gross impropriety."

Infant Girl Buried Alive, Found Alive After 6 Days!

A tiny infant girl survived six days in a shallow grave, where she was buried alive by her mother.

The father didn't want a daughter; only a son would do. So he told his wife not to show her face at the farm until she had gotten rid of the baby.

The four-day-old infant was left to die in a shallow roadside grave.

Nicola Stanojevic, 32, had left the farm near Kalmar, Yugoslavia, to leave her baby in the nearest hospital in Tigranod.

Her husband, Branko, 31, had remained at home to tend the livestock and the crops.

The day Nicola was to arrive home, Branko was anxious to meet her but. He was sure that the baby was a boy and he couldn't wait to see him.

IN HIS excitement, he arrived very early in the village. So to pass the time, he went to the tavern for a few beers with his buddies.

Hours later, the men rolled to a stop. And Branko staggered off to meet his family.

When Nicola showed him his daughter, he turned red with rage. He began to rant and rave and shout like a fanatic.

How could she bring him such disgrace, he asked? "A daughter was of no use to him. What could a girl do to help him on the farm?"

Ignoring the tears in Nicola's eyes, he dealt the final blow. The baby could not be his, he insisted.

A strong, virile man such as he could not father a girl. Branko would only make sure, he said.

Shaking his fists at his wife, he told her to get rid of the baby. If she did not, he yelled, she needs't bother coming home.

And with that, he staggered over to his male and rode off down the road, leaving Nicola and the baby standing alone.

IN DESPAIR, Nicola sat down along the road and sobbed. She was angry, frustrated and disappointed. She had no one to turn to in this small village.

Nicola had to face facts. With no money, no one to help her, and a heartless husband, she must do as Branko said.

With her bare hands, she scooped a shallow grave in the ditch beside the road. Then she placed her four-day-old daughter inside and covered the tiny body with loose dirt, twigs and grass.

During her grief and misery deep in her heart, she went lame to Nicola and her work at the farm.

Then the neighbors came to call. They didn't believe that the baby was stillborn and they went to the police.

WHEN NICOLA was questioned by the officers, she stuck

to the story. Yes, the baby was born dead, she told them.

A quick check at the hospital at Tigranod proved Nicola had lied. And when they confronted her with the evidence, she broke down and confessed to her heinous act.

Then she led the police to her baby's grave.

Brushing aside the loose earth, the officers were surprised to see the little body looked so good. After six days, near death and in a shallow grave, the skin should have been discolored.

But the infant looked as if she was sleeping. They poked the baby up and realized she was still alive — barely alive. They rushed her to the hospital where only 10 days earlier, she had taken her first breath. A team of doctors labored over the tiny infant for hours, trying to keep the faint spark of life a glow.

FINALLY, baby Stanojevic responded.

"The child's recovery is nothing short of a miracle," said one of the doctors. "If the weather had not been unusually cold, the baby would not have had a chance at all."

The parents were charged with child neglect and attempted manslaughter, but released on their own recognizance, to work on their farm.

The baby was placed in an orphanage until she can be adopted.

Here Is Photographic Proof Of Man Blowing Smoke Out His Ears

By HENRI ROTH

A millionaire sportsman has become the hot act of the party since he discovered he can blow smoke — and even blow up a balloon — with his ear.

No cocktail party from Acropolis to St. Martin's would be complete without the affable Karl Karl Hemmestine III.

Here to the Hemmestine railroad baron and a world-class polo player, the 37-year-old Larchmont and his act are an increasing demand.

Whenever the rich meet, you can be sure Hemmestine and his magic ears will be there, too. He even made a special guest appearance and performed for Arnold O'Connor just before he died.

"KARL WAS the only person on

earth able to make An smile during the last months of his life," a source told NEWS EXTRA.

"He visited the shipping tycoon's bedside at Astorlen Hospital in Paris.

"This took place just before An went to the 'vertical' list. As it was, the old man had difficulties breathing, and the nervous disorder from which he was suffering left him all but paralyzed.

"A nurse and doctor were at his side when Karl entered the room, a cigarette in one hand and a balloon in the other," the friend said. "The stricken An peeped O'Connor up to see the show."

A few seconds later, Hemmestine lit the cigarette and began puffing. As he did, thick streams of smoke began flowing from his ears and up toward the lights.

EVEN THOUGH his face was

almost immovable because of myasthenia gravis, the nervous disorder, O'Connor's features began to change.

Ever so slightly, the corners of his eyes crinkled. Then the corners of his mouth began a minute, but momentary smile.

"But the supper came when Karl put out the cigarette and put the balloon to his right ear," the source said.

"Then he started taking in huge gulps of air. Before anyone realized what was happening, the balloon began to fill. Twenty seconds later, it was full blown.

"An really enjoyed that. But when Karl let the air out of the balloon slowly, the old man began to choke, then gag.

"At that, the doctor ordered Karl from the room to give O'Connor a rest. Soon after, An became critical. His never smiled — or choked — again."

HEMMESTINE has only been performing the feat for the past seven months, the source noted.

"He's very modest about his abilities. Although he shows his talent to anyone who asks, he never goes about bragging about it. Perhaps that's why he's an such great demand. He's really a modest man."

"It all came about quite suddenly. He was attending a jet-set affair at Gstaad, Switzerland, where Elizabeth Taylor and Richard Burton used to keep a home."

"Karl had been drinking martini all night. He was talking to the Baroness de Castelmonte Parlat and smoking a cigarette when he had a terrible urge to belch.

"Being the proper gentleman, Karl did his best to suppress the gastroenteric irregularity," the friend continued. "At he did so, smoke began issuing from his ears."

"THE BARONESS spotted it and became hysterical. Young Karl



This photograph is positive proof that Karl Karl can smoke a cigarette with his mouth and blow the smoke out his ear.

couldn't figure out what was going on.

"He soon did, though, because the Baroness thought the trick so funny, she called over several people and demanded Karl do it again."

"Pretty soon, the entire party was an affair, with Karl repeating the performance over and over again," the friend said. "At first, he had a little difficulty, because it was foreign to him. But it didn't take him long to get the hang of it."

"For hours, many of the richest people in the world were rolling on the floor in laughter. Some people said it was even funnier than the Duchess of Battenberg made

charitable brownies out of Ex-Lax."

HEMMESTINE did not start using a balloon in his act until a month or two later, the source said. Then, he blew a balloon up with his ear only as a favor to one of his host's children.

"As first, Karl was shocked of what he was doing," the source related. "But when he saw how much enjoyment people were getting from it, he changed his mind."

"Now, he revels the globe with cigarette and balloon, ready to cheer up anyone who needs a good laugh."

"But Karl is a generous man; he never thinks of charging for his services."



The third Karl is the Hemmestine family is a bit at the party parties when he blows balloons with his ears.



Playing Golf Can Drive You Loony!

Golfers speak reverently of backdrops, not realizing that every swing of the club brings them closer to one of the most terrifying backdrops known to mankind—insanity.

Researchers at Deep South University recently published a report, claiming that playing golf is driving thousands of Americans crazy.

"The frustration of the game is causing thousands of Americans to lapse into a state of severe depression," said Dr. Felix Anastasia, who headed the summer research team.

"And the line between depression and insanity is often a thin line, indeed."

Dr. Anastasia and five associates studied the problems for two years before reaching a conclusion.

"In 1971, I was doing volunteer work in a state mental hospital," he told NEWS EXTRA. "One of the patients was particularly withdrawn and unresponsive.



Dr. Anastasia

"A FORMER news commentator, the only word the man would utter was 'four, four, four.'"

"I was with him one afternoon when his wife visited and she told me that he had suffered a nervous breakdown on the golf course."

"Then I realized, he was registering 'four,' the expression used by golfers to warn others of danger on the course."

Dr. Anastasia mentioned the case to his associates. The other

psychiatrists suddenly realized that they had recommended golf as an emotional outlet to many of their patients. And the patients were becoming more depressed.

The six physicians decided to take extended leaves from their practices and teaching posts and do field research.

Each of the men bought a set of golf clubs and toured the country, playing a random sampling of private and public golf courses.

"At almost every course we played, our superiors were concerned," Anastasia told NEWS EXTRA.

"AT A PUBLIC course in Louisiana, I was in a foursome with a young newspaperman. As we played, he became increasingly frustrated. His tee shots were good, but he couldn't get the ball in the air on the fairways."

"On the sixth hole, we had to play over water. His tee shot put him



Angry golfers had to which this lady get off the course after she missed a shot and went stark raving mad as the first hole!

right up to the water, but his iron failed him. I watched him put seven balls in the water.

"Finally in a fit of rage, he picked up his bag, walked over to the river's edge, and threw it in."

Without a word, he stomped off the course. We played on and as we came to the next tee, I looked back and saw the young man had returned to the river.

"He took off his shoes and waded into the water. I was very happy to see that he had regained his composure and regretted his irrational action."

"He headed the water-soaked bag out of the river, snatched the ball compartment, removed something and then threw the bag and clubs back into the river."

"IN THE interest of research, I left my two partners and joined up with the angry young man. It turned out that he had put his car keys in the golf bag and returned out of necessity. He couldn't get into his locked car without the keys."

In Chicago, another member of the team saw a man beat his wife until police came and hauled him away.

"The report stated that the man was about to put his car keys in his wife's pocket to one of the other players," the spokesman said. "He missed and immediately blamed the woman for distracting him. He hit her and they rolled and fought on the green until the greenskeeper called the police."

The psychiatrist explained that such cases are extreme. But the depression is apparent to a certain degree in 30 per cent of all golfers.

"AFTER THE first man, most golfers are so depressed that they

drink their lunch. The alcohol assures their coordination and they become more frustrated as the back nine."

"When they walk off the 18th green, their blood pressure is up and they cannot civilly say goodbye to their partners."

The case histories accumulated during the two-year research program are too numerous to begin to explain.

When they returned to Deep South University and their respective practices, they reinforced the field work with polygraph examinations.

They shyly interpreted golfing terms—hook, slice, run, wedge, wood, iron, shaft—into their patients' interviews.

And everyone said a word was used, even out of context, the polygraph machine showed a great variation.

"Our work is significant inasmuch as we have found the underlying cause of many mental breakdowns," Dr. Anastasia explained.

"WE WERE attempting to treat mental patients for work or family related illnesses when it was found that caused the insanity to begin with."

"The famous Dr. Christian Barnard has asked for copies of our research to do and turn in a heart study program. Barnard believes that many heart attacks may be caused by the stress and tension of golf caused by dirt or smoking or stress of work."

"You know, I never could understand what pleasure could be derived from hitting a little ball around a big picture with a little stick."

"Now I realize that golfers are very sick people and need help."

YOU COULD BE NEXT!

Exploding Soft Drink Bottles Injure Thousands Every Year!

At least 125,000 people are carried off to hospitals each year, seriously injured by exploding bottles.

The federal government's Consumer Products Safety Commission is investigating standards to prevent such mass carnage, but the bottling moguls are thumbing their noses at the group, saying that 125,000 people a year actually an infinitesimal percentage of the total number of folks who pop open bottles each year.

Horror stories abound about the bottle menace. A 12-year-old girl was blinded in her left eye when a soft drink bottle exploded at her level on a supermarket shelf, the safety commission files show.

A man suffered multiple lacerations of the face and neck when a quart bottle of soda water shot toward as he was removing it from a shopping bag.

And a baby had a four-square-inch chunk of flesh ripped off his arm when an orange drink bottle he father was opening blew up in his face.

He was holding the baby at the time. Those and many other such "accidents" happen when there is the slightest defect in the glass wall of the bottle. Such cracks, bruises or scratches weaken the containers and the pressure from the carbonated drink causes the explosion. Moreover, returnable bottles that are used as many as 16 different times are often battered so much that two too are weakened.

Despite four years of investigation by the federal government, no standards for bottle manufacturers have been adopted as yet.

If you experience an exploding bottle, write to the Consumer Products Safety Commission, 5401 Westwood Ave., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20260.



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"Now I realize that golfers are very sick people and need help."

Disgraced Prof Invents a Pill That Makes You Handsome, Pert

A former university professor claims the pill he has invented will make ugly people pretty.

"The only trouble is everyone who has tried these loses control of their bladder and has to wear diapers," Dr. Homer T. Memo told NEWS EXTRA.

"But I think peeing in your pants once is awhile is a cheap price for physical beauty."

Dr. Memo is the controversial psychiatrist who invented a foolproof birth control device for women and a sure-fire reason call for hanties and resigned in disgrace from Deep South University.

His colleagues back at Deep South wouldn't recognize the arrogant charmer today. He used to resemble actor Jack Elam, but now he looks just like Robert Redford once he perfected his "pretty pills."

They could smell him a block away, though, because of the heavy after shave he could wear to mask the smell of his constantly soggy diapers. And he has a characteristic sound—the creaking of his rubber pants when he walks.

"THEY'RE QUITE nice, the pants. I have them specially made for me and my patients, nobody's in all colors," he said.

Dr. Memo first gained fame as a charmer at the noted Southern university, speaking in mind-controlling drugs. Later, he branched out into inventing.

"These drugs expanded his mind right to the breaking point," Deep South president Wilbur Croft told a noted medical journal.

His pretty pills mark the latest in a line of unorthodox inventions. Dr. Memo calls them "dynamic facial pleasure."

"They don't make you pretty right off," he began. "You just make your face soft so you can rearrange the features to suit your desires."

"If your nose is too short, just pull it out asking as you like. If your eyes flap out like fence gates in a high wind, just bend them back where they belong."

"IF YOU'RE a weak chin, simply put your finger in your mouth and push. The tip of a pencil will do just enough whenever you want them. The possibilities are endless."

Of course, there were a few early failures.

"The first batches would soften



Memo was enough to make you had your beans before he took the revolutionary pill.

for structure too much and the people's faces ended up looking like melted wax. Sometimes their beans got so soft their teeth and eyeballs wouldn't stay put and kept falling out.

"When I got the softening formula worked out, I had to come up with a hardening formula. Otherwise the faces stayed soft. If you tried to scratch an itch or pick a pimple, you'd dent your head."

"I got that down soon enough," Dr. Memo said. "But I still haven't figured out why the hardener makes up the bladders."

"But I'll solve that, just like the others."

In the beginning, Dr. Memo said pretty pills to anyone. That brought problems as few people qualify as sculptors.

"THEY REALLY goosed themselves up," he recalled. "They'd get all excited and push their noses too far one way or the other or push down forehead knobs into desks. They came back for a refund looking uglier than when I first saw them."

Now Dr. Memo has a treatment in his Arkansas clinic, where he has a collection of fiberoptic dials that reproduce faces of celebrated persons.

"They're like pills made," he explained. "Simply (you pay a pretty pill) to soften up his face and then shove him face-first into a mold."



Presto-change, you've got a brand new look-alike for Paul Newman or Elton Freesty or whoever."

Especially popular this year are Diana Page and Ryan O'Neal for whites and Teresa Graves and Fred Williamson for blacks.

"I don't stock Steve McQueen or Candice Bergen because I can't stand them," he added.

"AND I WON'T give a woman's face to a guy or vice versa. It's hard enough to tell the boys from the girls these days."

While Dr. Memo rambled on about "these damned dirty hippies, fruits, Commies, pretty faggots" and so forth, NEWS EXTRA's correspondent leered the madman close.

A total of 12 Diane Page look-alikes clustered around a drinking fountain, none of whom shared the British actress' slender physique. Most were rather fat and all had gray hair. Meanwhile, three white-haired Ryan O'Neals, a hip-pocketed Paul Newman and a totally bald Lee Taylor stood nearby.

These people obviously had taken the pill treatments, we concluded.

In a waiting room corner stood a display case. Dr. Memo's Deep South diploma was there, with the president's signature scratched out, and several of his more famous inventions.

HIS FOOLPROOF birth control device is probably the most famous, because of its utter anarchy. It consists of a two-foot-long leather belt that the woman pulls tightly around her knees, thus rendering any action that might make her pregnant highly unlikely.

"For some reason women didn't like my birth control device," Dr. Memo admitted. "I think it hindered their walking."

The clinic display case also contains the only known example of Dr. Memo's famous electric nose call. He upended the invention himself after building only 25.

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Memo's "pretty pills" made him look like Robert Redford. His new life friend looks like Carol Lynley after taking the pills.

placed. "Just from a button and it let out a 'mushroom-sneeze' just like a loonkie nose-on."

"I hated production when I learned that a hearing party in Montreal, Canada, had used my device only to get trampled and raped by a herd of horny male moose."

"IT STILL makes me sick. I don't want to talk about it," he said.

He also refuses to discuss the circumstances under which he left Deep South University. As a gesture to the public, NEWS EXTRA traced the story back to its source.

Dr. Memo quit in shame after he was caught making obscene telephone calls to the university president's wife.

Mrs. Croft likes to talk about the incident.

"Memo called me about a dozen times," she said.

"I'd pick up the phone and he'd say, 'Thanks honey, I want you so bad. I'm driving you mad. It's your chocolate sauce all over you and look it all off. I'm gonna chase you naked down the street with a cattle prod... or worse!'"

"Then sometimes he'd say, 'You know what I'm doing now? I'm taking off my clothes. I got my shirt off. Now I'm pulling down my pants. And so forth. Sometimes he just breathed heavily.'" Mrs. Croft went on.

"THEN ONE night, while he was doing his strip routine, I asked him, 'Hey, who is this anyway?' And he said, 'Why it's Homer Memo.'"

"My husband, Wilbur, called the cops on another line and they found Memo standing back naked at the

public phone in the lobby of his rooming house," she said.

But Dr. Memo believes his recent encounters with the pretty pills make up for the past disgrace.

"Think of the boom it will be far rarer than if nobody has to go through life any anymore," he said.

"Furthermore, I went to a psychiatrist after the incident at Deep South and he made me normal. I've even had some girlfriends. It's not difficult anymore now that I look like Robert Redford."

"Of course they never stay long because I wet the bed just my new body fluid won't stand."

"She's taken the pretty pills too—she looks like Carol Lynley—and we can wet the bed together. That's equilibrium."



If you want to look like Steve McQueen or Candice Bergen, forget it. Memo can't stand the pair and doesn't stock pills to give you that McQueen or Bergen once-better stare!



Memo's "pretty pills" made him look like Robert Redford. His new life friend looks like Carol Lynley after taking the pills.



Present. And you can look like Paul Newman. But we don't know if long hair and a handsome would appeal to anything more than fruit flies and frobs.

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The Diane Page and Ryan O'Neal looks are popular this year.

Black studs want to look like superstud Fred Williamson.

NEWS EXTRA

December 7, 1975

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HELP PERSONAL

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It was awful, I tell you. Just awful. As you'll recall, my column did not appear last week. I was in jail. It was the worst experience of my life. Imagine, Mr. Doc (Kirk 11-41), never in the clinic like some columnists. Me, a man with my great learning and experience, a man who never has harmed even so much as a fly.

It was justifying my own business when it happened. It was 3:30 a.m. and I was winding up a night out with the boys by buying a Big Mac at my neighborhood MacDonald's.

How was I to know that a policeman was watching when I dropped that carbon in the ground?

Imagine the embarrassment of being arrested for ill-tar, especially a man my age.

The officers were mean. Maybe I gave them some bad advice once, I don't know.

They pushed me up against the wall, made me spread my arms and cuffed the life a common hoodlum. They threw me in the back seat of their squad car and rushed me to the station.

I could have died. I almost did. My heart can't take these things, you know.

But the worst abuse was still to come. I didn't have money to post bond. I only needed \$25. And nobody at the newspaper office was receiving my calls.

When I tried to call Editor Bernard C. "Big Scoop" Pulitzer, no relation to THS Pulitzer, he told me: 'You got me this. You got yourself out.'

The police wanted a confession, but I wasn't about to give it.

They locked me in a soundproofed room and grilled me for six hours straight. The only information I gave them was my ZIP code. They weren't happy.

Then they threw me in another room that had just one chair.

They left soon, however. I was subject to the worst torture of my life — and believe me, I know what torture I've been through.

They started pissing in rock music: it was soft at first but grew louder with each passing minute.

After what seemed like hours — it really was probably 10 minutes or so — I was ready to crack. The awful sound of those guitars and drums was driving me up a wall. Give me: Publishers any time.

But still the music grew louder. I crawled into a corner and threw my arms over my ears. But nothing did any good.

I started to scream. It was then that the officers came in and asked if I had anything to confess.

I crawled and grabbed them by their knees. "I did it! I did it!" I screamed. "I promise not to do it again."

When I succeeded in being charged against the officers, they said, "Try and prove it." They were right.

Learning that station for Cook County jail was the happiest moment of my life.

When they threw me in a cell of Cell Block 16-41, it was like entering heaven. It was so quiet, you could even hear the only sounds that filled the air were prisoners breaking wind.

They put me in a new cell with a pleasant enough man who had converted 42 rapists. We had long discussions during our breaks in the dayroom.

He told me all about his technique, coaching me on style. If I wasn't too old, I'd become a rapper, too. It sounds like fun.

I was in that stinking hole for six days before they finally brought me to trial. I pleaded guilty to lusting in the first degree.

I had a good judge. He let me go. He said six days in the clink was punishment enough, but that if I did it again, he'd come down hard.

I believe that was the end of it. Now, I'm back on the job, and the letters to this column will begin appearing again next week. Write, and I might even give you a reply.

CONFIDENTIAL TO MY FORMER ROOMMATE ON CELL BLOCK 16-41, PLEASE, this is all 80 words. I just don't know what to think.

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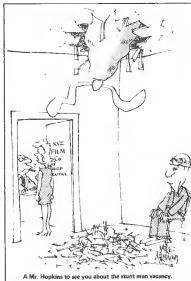
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THE NATIONAL
NEWS
 EXTRA COMIC CAPER
 NEWS EXTRA December 7, 1975 Page 18



Gallant King Vitor Hands Over Check For 2,000,000,000,000,000!!!!!!

Miltar Bails out NYC!

By M.K. BURSTON
NEWS EXTRA
Business Editor

A major foreign power has come to the aid of financially distressed New York City, but the Gotham government has benefited on the loss.

The aid came from King Vitor III, beloved ruler of Miltar, that tiny nation landlocked high in the Alps.

The monarch wrote a personal check for 2,000,000,000,000,000 miltars to the City of New York and handed it over to Mayor Abraham Beame.

At the current rate of international monetary exchange (348-crafton miltars to the dollar), that amounts to a \$57,355,560,000.00 advance to America's largest city.

UNDER TOP-SECRET arrangements made at the royal palace in Miltar, the New York government was supposed to use the money to pay for city services and employees' salaries.

They were supposed to return the cash in full two months later and usually free of interest.

"King Vitor loves New York," said a source close to the monarch. "He spent many of the most pleasant moments of his youth there."

"He used to love to attend Broadway shows and had affairs of the heart with several top Broadway chorus girls."

"Not only that, but he loved to go down to Times Square, especially along Eighth Avenue, where he mingled with the ladies of the night."

"Some of the best moments of his life began on the corner of that street and Eighth Avenue and moved to some of the better hotels in the theater district."

THE KING also became a great fan of the New York Yankees during his stay. It even had been rumored during the mid-1960s that he was thinking of buying the club.

"So, when the city moved into such bad financial straits, King Vitor decided he had to help," the source said. "He flew Mayor Beame and his top advisers to Miltar and quickly handed over the money."

Beame put the money to use beginning in late August. He was supposed to give it back in late October.

But when he called upon his financial advisers for the check that would have kept the city out of debt, he found that investors had squandered it on the stock

market and lost everything they had.

"THE ADVISERS thought they could get rich quick by playing with certain stocks," the source said. "They put \$57 billion out in trying to do it."

"Unfortunately, they made improper choices. Now, they are stuck with what amounts to little more than worthless pieces of paper and a huge debt to a foreign power."

King Vitor is at a loss at what to do in an attempt to recoup his advance to New York.

"He's been thinking about buying clean to the lower half of

Manhattan," the source told NEWS EXTRA. "Right now, though, that appears to be out."

"He's taken a close look at the situation and has decided that the land isn't worth the trouble. The whole island can sink, for all he cares now."

Meanwhile, back in Miltar, people only now are beginning to feel the crunch of such a large financial loss.

"THE INFLATION rate, which was at more than 34 per cent per year, has climbed drastically since the news reached the streets two days ago," an economist told NEWS EXTRA.

"Panic is about to set in, if something isn't done to change the tide."

"The international blivvi market has fallen off, too. As you know, blivvis, used in making scodagons, are the main export of this tiny nation."

"If the market falls off anymore, there's no telling how severe the harm that will be done."

"It will be a tough choice to see what collapses first, Miltar or New York."

"Right now, the sales of Blatovici Red, the Miltarian national wine, are at an all-time high. More and more citizens are

turning to liquor to drown their sorrows."

"MILTAR WILL be a nation of alcoholics soon," the economist said. "The people will be mean when they sober up, though, and find they don't have the money to buy another bottle to get them through the day."

One way Miltar is trying to curtail total economic collapse is to petition the United Nations for help.

But King Vitor is running into trouble on this front, too. Miltar is not a member of the organization, and many member nations refuse to believe that Miltar even exists.



Good King Vitor would never fiddle while New York City went bankrupt. Indeed not! The dashing Monarch of Miltar wrote out a check for 2,000,000,000,000,000 miltars and saved the Big Apple from being doinked. After doing his good deed for the day, Vitor strummed his larp to turn on the lovely dancel. Can you imagine getting turned on by a larp?

Hard-to-Believe Photos And Story of the Invisible Man!



The Invisible Man poses for our cameramen in front of his New Orleans pad. Note how easy it is to see through him.

**THE NATIONAL
NEWS
EXTRA**



Highly sensitive film and the speed of the cycle enabled NEWS EXTRA to grab this photo of the Invisible Man as he wheeled his Motorcycle Mama around the block on a crisp afternoon.

The invisible Man of New Orleans is alive and well and member of a motorcycle gang. Once widely rumored to be the victim of a freak fatal accident, the Invisible Man is believed to be the only motorcycle biker in the land you can see through.

"The widely circulated rumors of my death were exaggerated," Jacob (Invisible Man) Esteatic assured NEWS EXTRA in an exclusive interview. "The best actually named me by inches."

Esteatic, 34, was reported dead by several of the nation's leading news magazines in April in what was described as a freak accident. A lift truck operator, unable to see the transparent fellow, reportedly lowered a 20-ton crate of prosthetic arms onto his head, squashing him flatter than an empty see-through blouse.

IT WAS tragic but understandable, Esteatic's passing was mourned throughout the civilized world.

"I was touched," he recalled. "But it was a mistake."

"I went along with it, the being dead that is, for a gag. But death got to be a drag after awhile. Dead people are treated like second-class citizens in America."

"Bartenders would say to me, 'I can't serve you, Esteatic, you're dead.' I used to get hounded enough just being invisible, but this got ridiculous. There ain't no law that says you got to serve



David McCallum

liquor to dead people. My best friends took to avoiding me 'cause they didn't want to be seen with a corpse, not even an invisible one."

"So I'm comin' out in public now to tell everyone I ain't dead. Never was."

HOWEVER, Howard Sorenson, the invisible man reported killed by a street-cleaning truck in NEWS EXTRA some months ago, is still dead. To prove he is no impostor, Esteatic showed NEWS EXTRA his Louisiana driver's license. Sure enough, where the card listed spaces for color of hair, eyes and complexion, the clerk had filled in "none." And the spot reserved for his photograph showed a clear likeness of a blank wall. His signature was filled in with invisible ink.

Esteatic graciously autographed a copy of "Best of NEWS EXTRA Vol. XIV," our popular anthology, for a comparison. The new signature, likewise in invisible ink, matched. We were astounded.

"See? I ain't no still," Esteatic said with what might have been a smile. Or could just as easily have been an arrogant shake of the head. We couldn't tell.

THE PRELIMINARIES out of the way, Esteatic apparently set back in use of our push leather levers to tell of the events that have changed his life in recent months. Judging by the dent he made in the push leather, he must have put on weight since the last time we didn't see him.

"I am now a member of the Bad Seeds non-profit motorcycle organization," he said. "It's the third toughest motorcycle organization in New Orleans after the Worned Seeds and the Utterly Deplorable Seeds."

"It's loads of fun being a motorcycleer. We ride around

on our Harley Davidsons, and we have picnics and composita. Sometimes we get together with the Hall's Angels of California and the Extracurricular Ringlets of New York for a sing-along."

"And the chicks? Oh wow. Hardly a month goes by that I don't date a new pretty girl. We always end up going to the movies together — and we don't see much of the picture. Has less bec."

"MOST of the good action is gone" on up in the balcony between me and the chick, if you get my drift," he added, probably winking. Almost from nowhere on either, or maybe it was a knee, nudged us to punctuate the last remark.

"Faddo-dee-dee. It's the Bad Seeds' life for me."

Esteatic admitted he had a tough time gaining entrance to the vehicular association. In addition to overcoming the members' virulent prejudice against invisible people, Esteatic had to furnish some very difficult requirements.

"Most people don't realize the trouble an invisible man has just proving his race," he said. "The flat Seeds, you know, don't like no Garkers, Mexicans, Latinos, Italians, red Indians, east Indians, Arabians, Canadians, Jews, A-rabs, Easterners, Yankees, malintots, quadroons, octaroons, macaroons, foreigners, Commies, gypsies and faggots in their club. They couldn't see me, of course, so I had to sign a pledge stating I was none of the above."

"I ALSO had to perform some initiation rites," he added. He declined to mention any details, but the procedures are said to involve large quantities of Oreo cookies and passing gas next to an open flame.

"Anyway, now I'm a member and I command respect wherever I go. Because of my leadership qualities I was recently elected secretary-treasurer, which means I collect the dues and supply coffee and doughnuts after the meetings."

Esteatic revealed here for the first time that he plans to enter show business as soon as he outgrows riding around on motorcycles. He said he was encouraged by actor David McCallum's recent success in his "Invisible Man" TV series.

"I'm twice as handsome as David McCallum," he added, with what must have been a contented grin. "Or haven't you noticed?"